

I Know You

"But I know you, Caroline." I held her gaze. Those familiar grey eyes.

"No, Helen, you don't."

"Of course I do. It's been ten years."

"You know what I allowed you to know. My name isn't even Caroline."

"You're not making any sense," I told her.

"My name is Mary," she said. "Mary Jackson."

And suddenly, the jigsaw pieces slot into place for an instant. The image was before me, but the picture was surreal, distorted, bordering upon horrific, and I was forced to look away.

I had to leave. Right now. She had been telling the truth, for once. I really didn't know this woman, or want to.